Late May

James Hawley-Meigs
utans in comfy, well-built nests.
Tattooed men of the woods, asleep & arranged around a dying fire, stir & grumble beneath the starry deadlight.

Lianas embrace the poison tree, riparian nips click-click-click at the slightest hint of wind. Gamboge mangosteens stand weirdly nacreous at midnight—trunks thick & cylindrical shimmer yellow, verdigris, madder. Mangroves itch the riverbank’s mud. Land crabs—tentative & harried—scuttle across sand beaches. Ectoproct colonies thrive in a neritic ditch.

Gourami oragami down in rivers & lakes, hang limp & drift on unseen sublacustrine currents. Bruang snuggle in caves before sleep, sirgang

furl tired drake-colored wings in nids shaped like loaves. Arna rub rumps in kurrajong groves. The bintang baniak watch over silent coves.

**Late May**

*for David Craig Austin*

The corrugated skyline of low-rise tenements rustles the sable night. Venus pokes her knowing eye through new leaves of the blooming catalpa & all throughout this sleeping city wide awake sash windows are thrown open to let in the vaguest hint of thick air.

Sumac, heavy-scented locust even cottonwoods recently wrung clean of feathered seeds gag. Corkscrewing swallows follow unseen insects;
last winter's squirrels' nests are just
visible through virent leaves of maple
sycamore & oak. A letter came today
telling of a friend's death. The garden is in:
marigolds & beans; zinnias, sunflowers & fennel;
kohlrabi, dill, snaps & thyme;
daisies, cornflowers, asters—